

OUR SOCIAL CHAT

All letters intended for this department should be addressed to "Aunt Jennie," care of The Progressive Farmer, Raleigh, N. C.

Aunt Jennie's Letter.

I have been thinking, thinking, thinking this morning and wondering if there is any message I could carry to any human being that would prove helpful.

There is many a young mother to whom I would like to talk about that baby who controls so much of her time and why she should not worry because of it. Then the mother whose children are larger, but not old enough to enter school; and to those who have children in school I would like to tell them how happy they are or should be. Each year that passes will add care, but your feet will be strengthened and guided aright if you have faith, and finally, when they have arrived at the portal of manhood and womanhood, you will still have pleasure with them.

One of the heaviest crosses they tell me is the one that is carried by the woman whose son is in love for the first time. I say first time; for in so many instances there are dozens of times, but he never talks to mother so freely after this first time. Her pangs of jealousy and helplessness are almost unbearable. Why should this be so? Does she not remember the time when some other mother's son told her that he loved her and how happy she was when she heard it? Did he cease to love his mother because he loved her? No, certainly not; but as a boy told me only yesterday, "it is a different kind of love," but none the less true.

"Of course, I love mother and no girl will ever come between us in the sense of making me love her less; but it is natural for me to be fond of the young ladies, and I am sorry that she feels badly about it," said this manly boy. "Now, what must I do? I dislike to wound mother, but she should remember that I am not through school and am not thinking of asking any girl to marry me yet."

Ah, but suppose you were through school? And doubtless she is thinking of the time when you will have finished your college course and will enter the world's school. Then she feels anxious as to your future. Trust your mother, boy. Tell her all and do not leave her in suspense and at the mercy of guesses, for she has enough trouble as it is.

When this mother was telling me her trouble over the other love of her boy and how she regretted it, but how lovingly he had told this old mother all about it, I simply congratulated her for having such a son. There are so many boys whose mothers must guess everything concerning their behavior, and more especially their love affairs, that my admiration for this boy who makes his mother his confidant, was increased appreciably.

Men and women are so differently constituted. An old man whose daughter had eloped and married told me how happy he was because of it, not that she was disagreeable at

home, for she was a good obedient girl, but because she had gotten a good husband. He explained to me that the boy's bashfulness was the cause of it all and that although her mother had cried a lot over it, he had teased her and told her that if the young folks had told him, he would have helped them off!

Our letters this week are interesting.
AUNT JENNIE.

Who Shall Bear the Pocketbook Burden?

Dear Aunt Jennie:—If Mr. Husband would exchange places with Mrs. Wife, if only in imagination, and humbly ask for a dime now and then to spend for some coveted article, and hear her say, "I haven't got it to spare," when he knows that he has faithfully performed his part of the work, wouldn't there be a door slammed and wouldn't somebody go off mad?

But if wife asks for a little money and is refused, pouts an hour or two, and then takes a little cry, all to herself, and then goes and gets dinner alright, she has earned a kiss; and that ends the whole matter until next time. But few women are entirely devoid of spirit, and several repetitions of such treatment seldom fail to arouse a vindictive spirit, and instead of "we, ours and us," it is, "I, mine and me," after that.

Aunt Jennie, isn't it queer that women, that is, married women, should so desire to have a little money of their own which they can spend as they please?

When a young man asks a young lady to allow him to carry the burdens of life for her, does she, in her innocence, even guess that he means her little, half-filled pocket book? No, indeed! She does not think of it at all. She is thinking of those weightier burdens of earning something with which to fill the little book; of buckets of water, armfuls of stovewood, heavy milk pails, days of drudgery at the wash-tub, the ironing table, in the kitchen, wielding the scouring table, hoeing the garden in the hot sunshine, and the thousand other back-breaking things that a poor farmer's daughter has to do in order to be called "smart," and win a "smart" husband, who will nourish and cherish her until death parts them.

The young husband is all tenderness during the honeymoon; for the "careful mamma" has seen to it that her daughter has a well filled wardrobe to begin with, and the "dear papa" has given her a nice little sum "to buy trinkets" with, and in her happiness she really buys some trinkets, for she desires to appear well in the eyes of her husband and his friends. By and bye the little book is empty; then, and not until then, does she realize what kind of husband she has won.

And now, young wife, whoever you are, while you would like to pout awhile, and shed a few tears over your disappointment, don't do anything of the sort; but go and read what the mother of King Lemuel said to him about a virtuous woman:

"She seeketh wool, and flax, and worketh willingly with her hands." And this virtuous woman is a business woman. "She considereth a field, and buyeth it with the fruit of her hands; she planteth a vineyard; she perceiveth that her merchandise is good: her candle goeth not out by night." She is a tasteful woman. "She maketh herself coverings of tapestry; her clothing is silk and purple." She is a diligent woman. "She looketh well to the ways of her household, and eateth not the bread of idleness." She is a kind woman. "She stretcheth out her hand to the poor; yea, she reacheth forth her hands to the needy. She openeth her mouth with wisdom; and in her tongue is the law of kindness." And she is a happy woman. "Her children arise up, and call her blessed; her husband also, and he praiseth her." She unites in her character. Bravery, courage, valor (vigor of mind displayed in dangers and labors), capacity, aptness and excellence.

Hers is an ideal home, because she loves, and is loved; and, therefore, she labors to "do good and not evil all the days of her life."

MINNIE.

On Helping Others.

Dear Aunt Jennie:—I hardly know how to begin a letter to you, I have been absent so long, but I hope you have not erased my name from your list of Chatterers. I have commenced several letters to you, but something would prevent me from finishing them. I do enjoy reading The Progressive Farmer so much. As to making improvement in it, more than our editors make, I could not tell where to begin, for I think it as nearly a perfect farm and family paper as one could desire.

Is it not pleasant since the severe winter weather has disappeared (seemingly) and given place to the glad spring time, with its budding trees and beautiful birds and flowers?

I am glad to read letters from a number of the first writers to the Chat. Among them I mention Eva Plamondon, as she is a favorite of mine. Her letters are always an inspiration to me. I feel better after having read one from her. I would like to know her, as well as many others of the Chatterers; but, as Search Ward says, I guess this is one of the impossible things. Eva, you have my very deepest love and sympathy in your great sorrow, but remember God does all things well and He has promised to be Father to the orphan, and I am sure He will not forsake you, for I believe you love and trust Him.

Some one has spoken recently of looking on the bright side of things. How much happier we would be if we would look for the silver lining to the clouds that pass over us, thereby making every one with whom we come in contact happier. If we only realized the shortness of life and the mission God has for each of us to fill. No matter whether in the higher or humbler walks of life, the

little things are just as essential to make a success as the greater things. So do not let us become discouraged because we cannot do more, but do with all our might the little things assigned us by a loving Father's hand. It is easy to speak a few words of sympathy and encouragement to one who is burdened with sin and in despair. I believe God would have us as His children to strive to lift up the fallen and lead the erring ones to Christ who died for us, and will give us strength to perform every duty He gives us and will bless every effort put forth for His glory. So let us, with His help, "keep our hearts pure and our conscience clear, so that our heritage shall be true hearts to love us here, and eternal love hereafter."

Dear Aunt Jennie, please excuse such a long letter. If this escapes the waste-basket I will come again. With much love to all.

PATIENCE.

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